Wash Me, Drown Me

byelervevo
(orphan_account)

Wash Me, Drown Me by byelervevo (orphan_account)

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King
Genre: First Kiss, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, Pennywise barfs on Eddie, Richie helps him through his panic attack, i want to rewrite this eventually but it was just a big idea I had in class today, then Richie helps him scrub off the sludge/barf
Language: English
Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris
Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Reddie - Relationship
Status: Completed
Published: 2017-11-13
Updated: 2017-11-13
Packaged: 2020-02-01 19:15:45
Rating: General Audiences
Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,633
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Eddie doesn't realize that he's drenched in the Clown's vomit until after the Losers have their moment, and as he tries not to think about the sludge covering his body, Richie helps him clean off. But underneath that filth, Eddie realizes that there's another filth, one that can't be scrubbed off no matter how hard he tries.

Wash Me, Drown Me

Everyone's loud, touching Eddie's back and guiding him and talking to him and Eddie wants to tell them to shut the fuck up, to let him think, but as he steps his shoes squelch and he almost vomits but he can't breathe and he can't find his inhaler and he's pretty sure he's crying but he can't even tell, the clown's vomit has managed to invade his thoughts and has smeared them all together in a way that makes his knees weak and his breathing short and sporadic. Suddenly the chaotic noises are gone and a single pair of hands wrap around his torso, and Eddie hears Richie's voice and feels Richie's thin frame rattle against his ear, face pressed against the dirty fabric of the Hawaiian shirt. "Stay with me, Eddie. I've got you."

You've got me, Eddie wants to repeat, but he instead grabs at the Hawaiian shirt like his life depends on it and tries to let Richie's voice overpower the sticky noise as he moves, tries to let Richie's hand firm around him overpower the wet feeling of filth all around him. When he trips on his feet, Richie lifts him up and says, "I've got you," in a voice softer than any of his friends ever thought he could produce.

They go to Richie's house because it's the closest and his parents are out. Everyone squishes into the bathroom and when Eddie catches a glimpse of himself the mirror he chokes out a sob. He brings his hands to his arms to try and wipe the filth from his skin, crying harder when it only seems to make it worse.

"Hey, easy there, Eddie. You'll hurt yourself." Richie's voice rings out in his mind amongst the nervous chatter in the bathroom. Eddie didn't even realize that he had been clawing at his arms until Richie's hands grab his wrists, holding him tight.

There are several towels folded on the sink–Eddie faintly remembers hearing Mike say that he'd grab them. Now the bathroom is empty except for he and Richie and Eddie can't stop shaking, even when Richie's hands move to his shoulders and squeeze him reassuringly.

“The others are going to watch movies, okay? Whenever you're ready you can come out and join us, okay? You can even pick the movie,” Richie rambles, eyes wide from behind his glasses. “I'll be right on the other side of the door, so if you need me just holler, and I'll be there. Okay?”

“Stay with me?” Eddie says quickly, not even processing his thoughts before he's taking Richie’s hand from his shoulder and squeezing it. “Please.”

Richie’s cheeks flush, but he nods, scratching the back of his neck. “Oh, okay. Okay, yeah, sure.” He pauses. “Uh, would you be okay taking your clothes off? Y-you can keep your underwear on or something.”

Eddie has never seen Richie, the guy who seems to have a Rolodex of sex innuendos and mom jokes in his mind, so flustered before in his life, but nods and begins taking off his shirt, shuddering as the sticky clothes peel off his skin.

He’s stiff as a board in the tub, which Stan had filled before he had left; the water is no longer hot but instead a comforting lukewarm, but Eddie holds his breath as he slowly dips his feet it. He holds onto Richie’s arms tight, nails digging into his skin as the mucus on his body dissolves in the water and tints the water sickly brown-gray. Richie's doesn't make a face at all, even as Eddie catches the small beads of blood on Richie’s forearms.

“You should clean those up,” Eddie says quietly, once he’s situated in the tub, “If the gray water gets in there, you could get sick.” Eddie wants to say *I’m sorry I hurt you. I'm sorry I'm making you stay with me when our friends are watching movies. I don't deserve you.* But the words die on his lips. Richie’s eyes linger on his mouth, reading the unspoken words on Eddie’s lips, and he nods as if to say *it's okay* , he knows that Ed’s motherly attitude is his way of apologizing, his way of caring.

Eddie stays quiet as Richie carefully scrubs at his skin. Richie tries to start conversation, and Eddie feels bad for not reciprocating, but when he looks at Richie he sees the imprint of filth on Richie's shirt and he just feels guilty.

"Ben's usually better with this kind of stuff," Richie admits, leaning against the edge of the tub, "comforting. Want me to get him?"

Eddie shakes his head.

Richie grins. "Well then you're stuck with me, Kaspbrak. Might as well get used to the sound of my voice for a while."

Eddie lets his head rest against the lip of the tub and thinks *I already have.*

As per Eddie's request, they empty the water and fill it again, because "at this point I'm wallowing inside my filth" (to which Richie replies "sounds like my average night in with your mom," which earns him an elbow to the ribs). When he's out of the tub, he chitters uncomfortably until Richie hands him a towel, and part of him wishes Richie would forget the towel and just hold him. But then the towel is over his head and he graciously takes it, the green cloth covering his eyes and preventing him from watching how Richie looks at him so carefully.

During this second bath, Eddie allows himself to be relaxed, humming as Richie's hands make their way through his hair, rambling like he usually does, but somehow his stories seem different. More Eddie-centric.

"If I didn't know better, I'd say you were trying to flirt with me." Eddie huffs, smiling softly.

"I have been for a while, but thanks for noticing." Richie laughs, and it echoes in the small bathroom.

When Eddie steps out of the tub for the second time, he slips on the

tile and falls into Richie's arms. It's cliche, like something from a book, but in that moment he felt very small— he looks up at Richie, who looks at him like he's seeing the moon for the first time, and suddenly Eddie doesn't feel so small any more. He stands up on his own, but doesn't let go of his hold on Richie's forearms.

"Richie?" he whispers.

"Yeah?"

"I think," he pauses, glancing at Richie's lips. "I think I want to kiss you?"

Richie's face erupts into violent shades of pinks and reds and he laughs. "Sure, Eds! Last kiss I had was from your mom! Ha ha ha I mean I've kissed people before, I've gotten really good at it, so don't feel bad if you're not as good as—"

Eddie presses his lips to Richie's and they're both absolutely still. Eddie can feel his heart rattling in his chest, and sees Richie's hand hover over his cheek, but neither of them dare move, as if scared that they'll break the other. And Eddie's never kissed anyone before, but he knows that they shouldn't be frozen like this. Maybe Richie's never had his first kiss either? That would make them each other's first, right? Something about that makes Eddie's heart soar, and he grabs Richie's hand and squeezes it tight. Richie squeezes it back. But then there's a knock on the door and the moment is over, Richie choking out a meek, "What?" and scrubbing a hand down his blushing face.

"You guys almost done in there?" Bill asks.

Eddie clears his throat. "No, sorry." The sludge has been scrubbed from Eddie, even behind his ears, but he licks his lips and tastes Richie and just feels dirty again. He wants to be clean, he does, but he isn't sure he ever can be. But one more bath couldn't hurt, right?

"You're going to look like a raisin by the time you get out of here, Eds."

"Can you join me?" Eddie asks him. "I mean, I've gotten you dirty,

and I can tend to your wounds."

"*Wounds*? Eddie, it's a few scratches. It's not like I lost an arm or anything." Richie laughs, but his cocky attitude doesn't hide his hopeful blush which hasn't left his face since they pulled away. "But if you really want me to, I guess I could."

Eddie has to fight to get Richie to keep his boxers on in the bath, despite the latter insisting that they can get to know each other better in the tub. But once they're both situated comfortably in the warm water, with Eddie's fingers grazing over the red lines on Richie's arms caused by his panicked grasp, Richie is quiet, and they enjoy the silence as they stare at each other. Words are passed, not through the air but through glances; Richie brings a hand to Eddie's shoulder, next to his neck, and presses two fingers to the skin carefully, listening for his heartbeat. Eddie's hands find their way to Richie's hair, stroking through it and tugging through the tangled mess and memorizing the soft face Richie makes, eyes closed and more slightly ajar. Something inside Eddie wants him to lean forward and kiss Richie again, but the other part of him reminds him that the water would slosh onto the ground and they'd have to clean it up (after reminding him that he's still filthy).

By the time they finally join their friends in the living room, none of them ask why they took so long, or why they're both in new clothes, Richie's hair wet and his hand gripping Eddie's behind their backs. And no one mentions it when Eddie picks *Ghostbusters* for them to watch but falls asleep against Richie's chest within the first ten minutes of them film.

Author's Note:

if you liked it, hit me up @ stenbroughvevo on

tumblr and send me a request or something! Thanks for reading!